



The Shaw Bulletin

Published by The Shaw Society of America, Inc.

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Number Three

May, 1952

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To study and interpret George Bernard Shaw's writings, work and personality; to make him more widely understood and appreciated; and to provide a meeting ground for those who admire and respect the man.

How to Become a Member

Any person agreeing with the object of The Shaw Society of America, Inc., and wishing to join the Society may apply for membership. Address your application to the Secretary (William D. Chase, 2322 Mallery Street, Flint 4 Michigan.) The annual fee is \$5.00. Checks should be made payable to The Shaw Society of America, Inc.

THE SHAW SOCIETY OF AMERICA

(Founded 26 July 1950)

Application For Membership

The object of The Shaw Society of America, Inc. is: To Study and interpret George Bernard Shaw's writings, work and personality; to make him more widely understood and appreciated; and to provide a meeting ground for those who admire and respect the man.

Discussion meetings, lectures, exhibitions of Shaviana, and the publication of *The Shaw Bulletin* are among the works of the Society. The Annual General Meeting, held in New York City, is open to all members. Those interested in establishing or contacting local chapters of the Society in other cities should communicate with the Secretary at the address indicated below.

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AMERICA, INC.
1950)



Bernard Shaw's Last Will and Testament

Bernard Shaw's American publisher, Dodd, Mead & Company, is contemplating the publication of Shaw's Last Will and Testament, a long and important document of interest to all Shavians. If published, a special first edition for members of The Shaw Society of America, Inc. may be issued at a reduced price.

This is not a purchase order, but the response to this inquiry will aid in indicating the desirability of publishing the Will. Please fill in the blanks below and return.

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Dear World:

By Edward H. Dodd, Jr.

We all know, of course, that Shaw is inexhaustible, that what he wrote will continue to give new things to new men as long as there are such. But most people don't realize that there is still a great deal of new, unpublished Shaw, some of it the very best of him. I mean, of course, his letters.

Shaw was unquestionably one of the world's great letter writers. He knew this and shows that he knew it in many ways, and yet he was in no hurry for anyone else to know it. One gets the feeling that he wrote many of his letters with a serene conviction that they were for the ages and yet with an equally serene disregard for any practical measures that would assure their publication or preservation. He was often capricious and indiscriminating. If the fancy took him, he would write a long, careful, difficult essay on such a subject as the art of writing in response to a naive question from a Missouri high school student — something he would at another time scorn to write for good pay for the editor of an eminent periodical.

He never kept copies of his letters and, for all his reputation for business acumen, never made any attempt to realize on their very obvious value.

"I shall always disparage relics because I am an Irish Protestant in the marrow of my bones. I tear up manuscripts with savage glee, though I suppose you could sell them all for me at £300 an ounce. I tore up *Saint Joan* except for ten pages which had dates on them; and I did the same with *The Apple Cart*. So if ever you are offered the complete original manuscript for a million or so, beware! They will be forgeries."

Shaw was a prodigious, overwhelmingly prolific letter writer. Some years ago a friend of mine who was a nephew of Gabriel Wells called me when they were liquidating the Wells estate, to look at the collection of Shaw letters. For many years Wells had a standing offer in London — a pound for any piece of Shaw correspondence, chit, post card, letter, or whatever, and relatively more for lengthy epistles. The result was measurable in bushels.

But the surprising thing is that I found not a single item, not even a note about the laundry or a financial memorandum, which is dull. Every one has some Shavian bite. Always you can see a mind striving to give a little more than the routine, sometimes with a brilliant flourish, usually with simplicity, always with wit.

There is in that Wells collection (inevitably) a series of letters to Frank Harris. But they are all addressed to Mrs. Harris. Shaw knew that she would take the note to Wells, get her quid, and buy the groceries. Frank would have taken it to Wells, got his quid, and drunk it up at the nearest pub. Wells was evidently content, perhaps even proud, to play Maecenas, knowing that Shaw would not abuse the situation and like as not aware that the arrangement might add to the value of the accumulated letters.

"There is a Hungarian gentleman named Gabriel Wells, of Carlton Mansions, 14 Pall Mall S. W. 1, who is paying fancy prices for every scrap of my handwriting he can lay hands on. If you can catch him

before they put him into a lunatic asylum he might buy the card – or even this one.”

The plan being put into effect by the recent public announcement is for Shaw's publishers on each side of the Atlantic to assemble as many letters as possible over a period of years. This will be a collection of copies and photostats only. There is no desire to collect the original documents. A person who owns a Shaw letter (or anyone else's letter) is the sole owner of that piece of paper and ink, but Shaw, the writer of the letter (or his estate), continues to own all rights to what it says. In other words the receiver or purchaser of the letter can do anything he pleases with it except publish it. All the publishing rights remain, for the duration of the fifty-six-year copyright period, with the author or the letter.

A period of several years to prepare the Standard Selection of Letters is contemplated partly because it will be a slow task to assemble, classify, copy, select, and edit the letters. Such a period will also allow time for the publication of separate collections and series of correspondence. The Shaw-Campbell letters are, of course, being issued this spring. (These, incidentally, because of the provisions of the Will, are the one exception to the rule of publication rights because the rights were specifically bequeathed to Mrs. Campbell's daughter.) The Theatre Guild is contemplating a volume selected from their files. When I was in London this summer, a British publisher was negotiating with the Public Trustee and the Society of Authors for the publication of the Janet Achurch correspondence. Many others are undoubtedly in preparation, and it is the Public Trustee's intention to authorize as many of these as seem advisable from time to time. The Authorized Selection for the Standard Edition will be compiled from these and other sources. Two, possibly three, volumes will be made up selecting the best letters, the most amusing letters, and the letters which most effectively reveal Shaw and the things his life stood for.

It is impossible even to guess at the tremendous number of letters which Shaw wrote. During his lifetime I tried in several different ways to get his permission to publish one or two volumes of selected letters. He always replied in effect that he would let no one select but himself and that he was too busy writing new plays and new letters to be bothered with old ones. The only publication he could permit was a complete collection. That would run to "twenty volumes," and I was no kind of publisher (he said) if I even entertained the idea of so unprofitable a venture as that.

Lawrence Langner wrote recently "since Shaw wrote about three letters a day for eighty years, there will probably be at least thirty or forty volumes!"

The only sizable group of letters the world has seen has been the Shaw-Terry letters. Relatively speaking, other books have contained only snatches and scraps. Dr. Henderson has quoted more than anyone else I know of, but even he has used few.

It will be a staggering job to compile an adequate selection of the letters of Shaw, and it will require the help of everyone of you interested in this great man. But it should be a fascinating and rewarding job, for there never was a more forthright, uninhibited, articulate letter writer in the world, and a good selection of his greatest letters will say still more new things to still more people—us old ones as well as the new.

Shaw and Mozart

By Ross Parmenter

Mozart was Bernard Shaw's favorite composer. When I first heard this I scratched my head in bewilderment. How could it be that a twentieth century socialist, who was a realistic dramatist and a friend of the working class, could prefer above all others a Rococo composer, who wrote elegant and rather artificial music to delight the taste of aristocrats?

As I became more familiar with Mozart's symphonies, I found his music had considerably more body than I had supposed. But why it should appeal so particularly to Shaw remained a mystery. The reasons Shaw should be drawn to Ibsen, Nietzsche, Bunyan, Samuel Butler and Wagner were fairly clear. But why Mozart?

Even reading what Shaw wrote about Mozart in his preface to *Man and Superman* did not help, and I could not see that the Hell Scene was a real continuation of what I had read of *Don Giovanni*. Other than borrowing the names and earthly circumstances of Mozart's characters, I failed to see that Shaw had continued anything Mozart had started.

In fact, I did not find the key to Shaw's unexpected preference until I found the key to Mozart himself -- namely, the operas. Mozart's work for the theatre revealed the first great parallel: they are both playwrights.

It might be argued that Mozart did not prepare his own librettos but any one who knows what his music does for those librettos will dismiss this as a mere technicality. Mozart was obviously a playwright to his finger tips. One hears it in the way his music gives character to the people in his borrowed plots, in the way it heightens the situations and in the way it transforms what might seem undramatic material into the very essence of drama.

Proceeding from there, we come to the next parallel. They were both comic playwrights. And this parallel really goes quite deep, for in many respects they were the same sort of comic playwrights. One of the striking ways in which this is true is the manner in which the serious and the comic are juxtaposed. Again and again in the work of both men one finds places where the floor of the comedy is punched through.

In *Così fan tutte*, for instance, after a series of deliciously comic exposures of infidelity, Fiordiligi steps forward and sings an aria which reveals the depth of her inner humiliation in discovering her inability to be faithful. Suddenly one is deeply touched in the same way as one is, say, in *You Never Can Tell* when the father stops the comedy in its tracks by turning simply to his virtuous wife and telling her that the wrong she did him was one she had never thought of -- marrying him without loving him.

Caesar's speech about vengeance in *Caesar and Cleopatra* is another Shavian example. Mrs. George's trance-like vision of the age-old subjugation of women in *Getting Married* is another. And yet in Shaw none of these sudden and unexpected intrusions of reality ends, or even spoils, the fun. The comedy resumes its sprightly way. If anything, it is made funnier because one has been taken into a new dimension of feeling.

The same sort of thing recurs in Mozart. In *The Marriage of Figaro*, the Countess's plea to the god of love that he restore her husband's affection goes to the heart as few arias have ever done; yet it does not turn the comedy into tragedy. What follows is nonetheless comic because one has been made aware of the serious undertones. In *Don Giovanni*, Elvira's very real pain through unrequited love does not rob the humor from Leporello's disquisition on the Don's thousand and three other loves. In *The Magic Flute* the alternations of deep feeling and comedy come closer together than anywhere else in Mozart's operas, for Tamino and Papagena are companions through the same trials. The humor of the bird-man's reaction no more destroys the sympathy one feels for the sufferings of Tamino than the humor of the British soldier in the epilogue of *Saint Joan* takes away from one's feelings for the rejected, lonely saint.

These examples suggesting the effects of the curious interplay of seriousness and humor in the two men might serve equally well to illustrate a second way in which they are remarkably alike as comic playwrights. On the surface, Shaw is much closer to Oscar Wilde as a dramatist than he is to Mozart, but those who have read Shaw's review of *The Importance of Being Earnest* will know the difference between the two Irishmen. What repelled Shaw about Wilde's play was that its humor was heartless. And what one finds in Mozart is humor that is full of heart. Shaw's humor too, is full of heart, as becomes increasingly clear as we are less dazzled by his ideas and less misled by what at first seemed like a cold brilliance of intellect.

On the basis of the two men's work for the theatre, one can see that Shaw must have loved Mozart for having a vision of life very akin to his own — a vision in which affection for people did not blind him to their weaknesses and in which a sense of reality did not destroy his light-hearted good humor.

Parallels should not be pressed too hard, and they are not vital in accounting for an affinity. People don't have to feel they are similar to like each other. But I would like to suggest that the bond between Shaw and Mozart does not end with their vision of life. I would certainly not go so far as to say Shaw and Mozart were very much alike in character, but I would like to point out that they were less unlike than appears.

Because of the way what is revolutionary in one era comes to seem old-fashioned in the next, time plays odd tricks with our concepts of people. Looking back at Mozart from our present position, we are apt to link him with the aristocracy of his period, to think of his art as being stylized to the point of artificiality, and to consider him a conservative thinker. Yet actually, for his time, he was a revolutionary in almost every way. In *Figaro* his sympathies were all with the working-class barber. The Count is the villain. In *Don Giovanni* one finds the same sympathy for the peasant couple, while the aristocratic Don is confined to hellfire for his sins. Then, when one considers the operas preceding Mozart's, one realizes that his were as revolutionary in their realism as Ibsen's plays. Ibsen's, and later Shaw's break was merely a shift from handling human beings unrealistically to handling them realistically. Mozart's shift was far greater. It was from characters in mythology, who were hardly human beings at all, to characters which still charm us by the exactness in which they have been drawn from

life. And in the realm of ideas it must be remembered that, although Mozart was brought up as a Roman Catholic and though he lived in a Catholic environment, he became almost what we would call a freethinker. His greatest work, *The Magic Flute*, is a dramatization of the religion of Freemasonry. It is as much his stab at establishing a new religion as Bernard Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*. And Mozart composed his new biblical chapter when he was only 35.

Mozart, then, was much more of a radical than is generally believed, which brings him appreciably nearer to Shaw. And when we examine Shaw what do we find? G. K. Chesterton hit on a tendency in his character earlier than most when he drew that cartoon of Shaw bound to a stake about to be tortured by his fellow revolutionaries for refusing to drink the blood of aristocrats. For the truth is that Shaw was more aristocratic than he seemed to his contemporaries. In *The Devil's Disciple*, the one play he set in Mozart's period, his greatest affection is for that most Mozartian character, "Gentleman Johnny" Burgoyne. Later Shaw's aristocratic feelings became more pronounced. In *The Apple Cart* his hero is the King. One of the most moving passages in *On The Rocks* is that in which the Prime Minister tells of how he is too refined in spirit to be personally glad for what is to come in the world. And finally in one of his last plays, *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*, Shaw has made the urbane and fastidious Charles II one of the most sympathetic characters in his whole long gallery.

In brief, then, Shaw is much more Mozartian than most of us know, and Mozart is more Shavian. They are kindred spirits. And perhaps Wolfgang was as grateful for Bernard's company, when he finally arrived in the Home of the Masters of Reality, as Shaw always was for Mozart's company on earth.

A Shaw Repertory Theatre

By Basil Langton

We need a Shavian Repertory, and cannot escape the event. The constant revival of his plays, and the increasing interest of scholars in his infinite stage-craft, confirm the necessity. Universities and training schools will soon concentrate study programmes in the Shavian method, for the style, though unique, sits comfortably in the arms of tradition. The plays belong to the world of Moliere, Shakespeare, and Aristophanes, and the ancient dance-dramas of India, China and Japan, and they will survive, not because of the ideas, but because of Shaw's workmanship and stagecraft. This we will study, and he leaves us a wealth of material to explore. But first we must have the Shavian Repertory, where we can see the master in action, and where students may train in the company of professional actors, skilled in the Shavian convention.

During the war I found myself an actor-manager. In the years of touring, in the cities, towns and villages; in theatres royal, army camps and factory hostels; in open air theatres, parks, on the bare boards of a tank landing craft; I began to realize that certain plays of Shaw were as essential to me as the stock *Macbeths* and *Hamlets* were to Macready, Sullivan and Booth. I couldn't do without them. Not only could they be relied upon to meet any situation and adapt to any stage, but, as an

actor-manager they offered me a multitude of fascinating, meaty and showy roles to act. This is actor's bread. No actor-manager can survive without it. Why else does he perform the classics? *Hamlet* may be a good play, but first it is a whacking good part. *Man and Superman* is a good play, but above all it has the most glorious role any actor could dream of or wish for. So it was, while planning a European tour of *Saint Joan*, that I suddenly was smitten with gratitude to the man who had given the actor such a wonderful new repertoire of contemporary roles; Higgins, Tanner, Undershaft, Dick Dudgeon, Burgoyne, Cusins, Joan, Candida - the list streamed on, and it seemed high time that one of us at least said thank you. I quickly wrote to him on the subject, which consoled my sense of indebtedness. Naturally, he never replied or mentioned it during any of my visits, but only the other day I was happy to find that he had written for the Festival Book at Malvern: "If you want to flatter me, you must not tell me that I have saved your soul by my philosophy. Tell me that, like Shakespeare, Moliere, Scott, Dumas and Dickens, I have provided a gallery of characters which are realer to you than your own relations and which successive generations of actors and actresses will keep alive for centuries as their *chevaux de bataille*."

The most important effort to found a Shavian Repertory was made at Malvern in 1929 by Sir Barry Jackson and Roy Limbert. Beginning as a mere fortnight's showing of his plays, it grew over a period of ten years into many weeks of annual festivity: Plays, lectures, band concerts, garden parties, film festivals and tea-time-talks - all in the company of distinguished visitors, and all graced by the vigorous presence of GBS in person. He wrote many plays for Malvern: *The Apple Cart*, *Too True To Be Good*, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, *On the Rocks*, *The Millionairess*, *Geneva*, and *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*; and the seasons were always notable for a fine company of players: Wendy Hiller, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dame Edith Evans, Elizabeth Bergner, Donald Wolfitt and Alexander Knox are but a few of the great performers who were seen there, for it was in the actors that Shaw perhaps took his greatest interest. "The Malvern Festival," he said, "would be nothing if it had not a tradition of great acting as well as interesting dramatic literature." The outbreak of war closed the Malvern Festival. Yet it left a fine record, and an idea that will blossom many times.

Such a blossoming may be seen this summer off the coast of Massachusetts, on the island of Martha's Vineyard. There the Rice Playhouse will present its second Shaw Festival.

The Island was discovered in 1602 by one Bartholomew Gosnold, and some claim he returned to his patron Southampton and told tales of this magic isle, which served as a source of inspiration for Will Shakespeare to write *The Tempest*. But though the playhouse will present a new staging of this play to celebrate the island's anniversary, Will must take his place this year in a Festival designed to honor Shaw.

The Rice Playhouse presented its first Shaw Festival during the summer of 1951, and the strong professional company received such enthusiastic welcome that plans were soon made for this year. The first season included: *Man and Superman*, *Pygmalion*, *Heartbreak House*, and *Arms and the Man*, with Broadway revivals and the staging of a new play. The 1952 season will include: *The Devil's*

Disciple, Androcles and the Lion, Arms and the Man, and Too True To Be Good. So, though it is worth noting that business for *Heartbreak House* exceeded the first season's production of *Born Yesterday*, Shaw's warning to me that "if you only do my plays, you are sure to go bankrupt" has established the precedent that only four of his plays grace the season; and following more of his advice to the Malvern Festival that "the ideal programme would be of new plays by new men," three new plays will be tried and the season will include lectures and a reading of *Don Juan in Hell*, which this year will be augmented by a training programme for a limited number of student-apprentices, who will serve the professional company.

The wish to make the island a haven of Shaw study and entertainment will take many years to fulfill. It is easy to reflect that the cost of a single TV show, or the losses of one Broadway failure would subsidize our venture for ten years. But such thoughts never won a fair lady. A few weeks of agonized gambling may well have merit for some, above the continuity of a Shavian Festival.

Shakespeare waited 300 years for his theatre, and Shaw can do the same. We actors grow by what we feed on, and we know that the Shavian Repertory is needed as much as a Shakespearean or a Gilbert and Sullivan, and it will continue to blossom and sprout until it takes root by its own vitality.

Collectors and Collections of Shaviana in the U. S. A. *

By Archibald Henderson

I.

Bernard Shaw is a superb, almost an ideal, subject for collection.

- a. He lived to a very great age (94) and was active as a writer and publicist until within a few months of his death.
- b. He was a man of unusual versatility, with an extraordinary range of information, knowledge, and experience.
- c. He claimed that he worked actively in many fields, and that he had fifteen different reputations.
- d. He had an almost inexhaustible flow of expression, written and spoken. His speeches alone, even from the texts preserved or recorded would fill a considerable number of volumes.
- e. He was a professional publicist and didactical debater, on the platform and in the press; and constantly wrote letters on public questions to leading magazines and newspapers, not only in Great Britain, but in many other countries. Moreover, he was constantly being interviewed, sometimes at great length.
- f. He was an agitator, reformer, and "preacher;" and during the last half of his life he developed what he termed a "new religion."
- g. He was a philosopher, who expressed his philosophy through art.
- h. He was an amazingly prolific writer of letters and post cards, which in number reached astronomical proportions.

* An abstract of the address delivered by Dr. Henderson at the Annual General Meeting of The Shaw Society of America, Inc., at the Hotel Algonquin, New York City, February 11, 1952.

II.

Shaw connotes intellectual value as a collector, because he was always crusading for or against something. If you acquire a Shelley ms., it will not enable you to "see Shelley plain," but it will bring you much closer to him in spirit, through the emanation of the Shelleyan aura. If, however you acquire a rare pamphlet, an early Fabian Tract, an anti-vivisection philippic, it will enable you to "hear Shaw complain."

III.

There are, undoubtedly, many people in this country who are now collecting Shaviana, and not a few, doubtless who have been engaged in this fascinating pursuit for many years. Conspicuous among these, probably at the very top, would be the late Gabriel Wells, the famous and astute bibliopole, whose estate has recently been settled and all Shaviana sold and dispersed.

Of living collectors, no doubt the most successful in acquiring the most expensive items - letters, mss., association copies, first editions, and privately printed items - is Mr. T. E. Hanley (see description of collection elsewhere in this Bulletin). The remaining Shaw collectors, publicly known as such and personally known to me, are all members of this Society - four in all, including Archibald Henderson.

A very discriminating collector, whose interest is in quality, not quantity, is Francis Kettaneh, of New York City. He is of the great Gaetani family, which gave three Popes to the Roman Catholic hierarchy. In his artistically selected collection are: numerous first editions inscribed to him by Shaw himself; the greatest letter Shaw ever wrote, 54 pages in length, to his authorized biographer; the famous questionnaire submitted to Shaw by Mr. George Sylvester Viereck and answered by Shaw with his own.

Ralph Sanborn, known everywhere as a great collector of the writings of Eugene O'Neill, collects Shaviana as a minor hobby. His small collection of Shaviana, some fifty-five items, is a gem, almost all the items being in mint condition.

William D. Chase, this Society's Secretary, has an unusually well-selected Shaw collection of upwards of 300 items. This is distinctive as a Shaw library for an American family. Mr. and Mrs. Chase are not mere collectors of Shaviana: they are students of Shaw and read, often aloud to each other, each Shaw item as it is acquired. Among treasures in this collection are: one of the rarest of Shaviana, a copy in mint condition of *An Open Letter to Col. Arthur Lynch*, bearing a description in Shaw's handwriting, drafted particularly for Mr. Chase, of the conditions under which the pamphlet was written, condemned before publication, and pulped; and a review, written throughout in Shaw's own handwriting, of one of the early books by Edith Nesbit, who was desperately in love with the unresponsive Shaw.

Maxwell Steinhardt, a vice-president and one of the founders of this Society, has a first-class workable collection of Shaviana, at his home here in New York City. Because it contains all the works of Shaw that anyone would ordinarily need, it is often resorted to for loans for exhibition purposes, for use in writing articles and speeches on phases of Shaw's life and career, and the like. Among the treasures are: a first edition (1886), in mint condition, of *Cashel Byron's Profession*, pale blue cover with pink lettering for title on jacket; a beautiful copy of the *Open Letter to Col. Arthur Lynch*; a perfect example of the

excessively rare pamphlet, by nine contributors, on *Marx's Theory of Value*.

An unusually fine collection of Shaviana, with many Shaw letters, programs and playbills of Shaw productions by the New York Theatre Guild, photographs of Shaw, including moving pictures, is owned by Lawrence Langner and his wife, Armina Marshall, both founders of this Society.

Of the three collections made by the speaker no description was given. The first, the most notable and extensive ever offered at public auction, was sold by the American Art Association and Anderson Galleries, Inc. here in New York, on January 16, 1933. The second was the Shaw Collection presented by the speaker to Yale University and displayed there for a month beginning February 15, 1937. The third is the most extensive collection of Shaviana extant, presented by the speaker to the University of North Carolina and to be displayed there at the opening of the new Library Annex on April 18, 1952.

Buoyant Billions

By Felix Grendon

Pay no attention to the depreciation of *Buoyant Billions*, Shaw's last full-fledged play. It merely means that the literary critics and professors are running true to form. Have they not, from first to last, reviled, disparaged, and ridiculed all the important Shaw plays, *Saint Joan* alone excepted, as each masterpiece appeared? Not until Shaw became world famous, just before the first World War, did the critics climb on the Shavian band wagon and modestly announce themselves as the leaders of the band. Even then, they kept on belittling and pooh-poohing the newer Shaw plays that came along. The only Shavian plays that met with their approval were at least thirty or forty years old. *Don Juan in Hell* is a case in point. In 1905 the literati declared this interlude to be so utterly talky as to be quite beyond the theatrical pale. But no sooner had Charles Laughton's Drama Quartet, in 1951, demonstrated that *Don Juan* could hold packed houses spellbound night after night, than the reckless critics leaped to the front page to tell an astonished world that they had always considered the Scene in Hell immortal. What a pity it took them forty-five years to say it aloud! And now, forgetting how lamentably they fell down on *Don Juan*, they do their stuff as of old, and pronounce *Buoyant Billions* impossibly talky talky! No doubt the poor fellows will see the light round about the year 2000.

Buoyant Billions tells us of the clash of ideas springing from the loves, marriages, and financial problems of the family of Old Bill Buoyant, a billionaire stock exchange speculator. Buoyant's daughter, Clemmy, revolted by London's hothouse society, goes to the Panama Canal to lead a simple, healthy, down-to-earth existence. Her solitude there is invaded by Junius Smith, an impecunious Oxford graduate, who aspires to become a "world betterer," but lacks the cash to gain the knowledge and experience his mission requires. The two young people fall in love at first sight. But Junius, though he loves her madly for herself, does not disguise the fact that he sorely needs her money too. To complete the paradox of the situation, Clemmy does not fear Junius as a fortune hunter: she fears him as a lover. And to escape "the disease of love" she becomes the first Shavian heroine to run away from

the man her enchantment has helplessly magnetized. She runs home to London. As her absence does not demagnetize Junius, he runs after her without knowing her destination. We soon find out that he is, as Clemmy's Panaman servant calls him, her "man of destiny." His magnetized condition, aided by Providence, impels his footsteps toward London, where he catches up with her in her father's house.

The episode culminates in a delightful triangular scene in which Clemmy, her father, and her lover consider the problem from every Shavian point of view. Junius, far from denying that he is a fortune hunter as well as a lover, brilliantly defends his claim to be a good security risk in both roles. Old Buoyant is so much taken with the young man's power "to ask straight questions and give straight answers," that he urges the match on his hesitating daughter, pointing out that she is rich enough to support a husband and, if necessary, to divorce him. Fortified by this sound advice, Clemmy decides to "take a chance."

Love, marriage, family feeling, and the effect on men and women of either too much or too little money — these topics, springing naturally from Clemmy's love affair and from Old Buoyant's reactions to earned and unearned incomes, monopolize the gathering of the Buoyant clan in the second act. We hear the several Buoyants give their candid views in a mind-searching and heart-searching discussion, the Shavian discussion that is now as world famous as Plato's Socratic dialogue. The characters, introduced with the impersonal names of He, She, Mr. Firstborn, Mrs. Secondborn, etc., are at once broadly universal and highly individual. As a true Shavian play is a play of ideas, we get to know each person, not only by the pattern of his desires, but the pattern of his thoughts, if he has any. "People don't talk that way?" Well, mark my words, they soon will. Even now, you may listen to the conversation of the young people round you and be surprised to find how closely it approaches the candor of the dialogue in *Buoyant Billions*. Speech, once the art of being unreasonably reticent, is now the art of being reasonably frank. Shaw has made frankness natural.

Shaw Plays In Performance

By Maxwell Steinhardt

Saint Joan, at the Cort Theatre, New York City: a most impressive performance of this historical drama. The production was entrusted by The Theatre Guild to Margaret Webster who seems to be as effective with Shaw as she has been with Shakespeare. This third performance in America of *Saint Joan* on the professional stage, and I have seen all three, compares favorably with its predecessors. Uta Hagen as the Maid is admirably suited for this difficult role. She evidently studied the part with great care and has done remarkably with it: as a simple maid in the earlier scenes, heroic when she is given command of the French armies, a frightened girl perplexed and very human in the trial scene, and a saint in the epilogue. She speaks her lines with clarity and understanding and has deep emotional force, always under control, always felt by the audience. Miss Hagen emerges as a superb dramatic actress.

John Buckmaster, experienced in the Shavian tradition, plays the Dauphin admirably. This weakling, with a touch of shrewdness and a sparkle of sense occasionally coming to the surface is handled extremely well by Buckmaster — a comic figure perhaps but not laughable.

Robert Pastene plays the Bastard of Orleans very skillfully; he is the rough practical soldier who alone of them all has true affection for the Maid. One of the great scenes is in the Earl of Warwick's tent where the subtleties of the French and English clash and harmonize. Andrew Cruickshank is an extremely competent Warwick, the suave, wily, ever gentlemanly aristocrat. Opposite him, the equally suave Bishop of Beauvais, the masterly hypocrite - in the hands of Alexander Scourby, an actor of great capability. He was not as effective in the court room scene where to be sure the Inquisitor in fact represents the case against Joan. Frederick Rolf does the Inquisitor with considerable power and we are almost convinced by his fervent and almost fanatic zeal, always covered by apparent gentleness and mercy.

With few exceptions the entire cast is well chosen. And the exceptions are, I should say, Frederic Warriner as the Archbishop of Rheims and Dion Allen as John de Stogumber. This latter is a typical Shavian part, intensely amusing and more than that at times, but this performer rode a bit rough-shod over it. I feel that the production as a whole would have pleased G.B.S. What more can one say?

The only performance now on the boards is *Caesar and Cleopatra* and I suppose nearly everyone knows about this undertaking by Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. The production is, in some respects very fine, in others a little disappointing. The lady made a great Cleopatra. I can hardly conceive of anyone surpassing her. She speaks with real distinction and distinctness and seems to understand the part as I believe G.B.S. meant it to be done. She has beauty and form that is more than queenly, besides having the grace and sprightliness of a young girl. She develops under Caesar's tutelage and when he departs she is not mature, perhaps, but she has learned something from her wise and experienced teacher, something that will help her to govern a great nation. As someone said, this is a drama of the intellect while *Antony and Cleopatra* is one of passion.

The Caesar of Sir Laurence is not as good as it might be. He spoke his lines well but he was a bit elderly, a little too tired, losing dignity and strength of character. After all Caesar was in his prime, and though an old man to a girl of 16, he is a sagacious, shrewd and exceptionally wise leader and ruler. Olivier did not inject the right spirit into it. A good, but not a memorable, performance on his part. The rest of the company is entirely adequate and I feel that on the whole Shaw would have nodded in approval. I think I've seen all the performances of this play in America - Forbes-Robertson and Gertrude Eliot, then Helen Hayes and Lionel Atwill, and recently Lilli Palmer and Cedric Hardwicke. All I can say is that in most respects the present production is sufficient to give much delight to the ardent Shavian.

Affair of Letters is the title of a reading, by Sarah Churchill and Edward Thommen, of selections from the Shaw-Terry correspondence. Kleinhans Auditorium, Buffalo, New York, March 12, 1952.

Candida: Olivia de Havilland in *Candida* is scheduled to open at the National Theatre, New York, April 22nd. The New York engagement, which is limited to four weeks, completes a tour which has covered forty-three cities since it began in St. Louis last October.

The Millionairess: Katharine Hepburn is to appear May 5th in Liverpool in *The Millionairess*. The play will open in London on June 16th and after the London run it is expected to come to the United States.

The Extraordinary Shaw Collection of Dr. T. E. Hanley

By Jacob Schwartz

In my quarter century as bookseller and publisher, the collection I helped build of Shaw has given me most satisfaction and pleasure. It is now in Western Pennsylvania, the property of the wise and kindly Dr. Hanley. He is not a rich man and frequently goes without comforts to acquire another nugget of Shaw. I have seen, in England, the famous Shaw collections of the British Museum, Dr. Cockerell, Dr. Maxwell, Hesketh Pearson, Conal O'Riordan and Sybil Thorndyke, but Dr. Hanley's is perhaps greater than all of them combined. I can only give a very brief outline and select a few favorites from it for review. Size alone is of minor importance. Small, rare, and sentimental items are abundant in the Hanley collection.

I had the good luck to buy practically the entire collection of Miss Blanche Patch who surely must hold the secretarial record for her association with a world famous writer for thirty years. She helped to organize for the press many of Shaw's later plays. She was the first to read them, and had corrected proofs, early typescripts, shorthand copies, and presentation copies of them all. Her collection of prompt copies, or as some prefer to call them, first prints, or rehearsal copies, in itself is probably unique in dramatic history. There must be at least sixty such proofs, with as many as five issues of some of them. The rarest one is the 1912 issue of *Pygmalion* of which only four copies were printed.

Other gems are: the dedication copy of H. L. Mencken's first book of criticism - his life of Shaw - with a letter to G. B. S. apologizing for his youthful zest and inexperience, hoping to have the pleasure of meeting him some day; Shaw's writing desk antique watch given to him as a wedding present by his mother; his barometer; an old worn-out pair of woolen mittens with a note to Blanche Patch to quickly repair them; a card with a note on one side by G. B. Shaw and on the reverse an answer by T. E. Shaw.

Dr. Hanley has over 600 letters, including a remarkable series to Janet Achurch, one of the earliest English devotees of Ibsen and Shaw. There are probably a hundred signed photographs of G. B. S. and a complete set of signed programs of Shaw's plays at the Stage Society, along with innumerable first night programs of other English and German productions. There is a fine collection of German first editions, all signed by Dr. Trebitsch, and a long series of letters from Shaw to him, including one in which G. B. S. points out that Maugham needs a fortune to spend his days on the Riviera but he (Shaw) lives on £2 a week.

Dr. Hanley has the original shorthand scripts of *Village Wooing* and *The Six of Calais*, the manuscript of *Passion, Poison and Petrification*, which was written for a benefit performance of the

Actors' Orphanage and is still given yearly for that Society. There are scores of corrected articles and short stories and essays on politics and education. And there is the broadcast speech (the original manuscript) given by Shaw prior to the first play ever broadcast by the B. B. C. - *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*. One of the most intriguing items is the only article I have ever seen by Shaw with a rejection slip. He submitted a scheme for having the English King elected; it is a plea for republicanism written during the Windsor troubles. The *London Times* turned it back.

Letters From England

Two books have recently been published over here which are of considerable interest to Shavians, let alone the philistine rump. The first is Stephen Winsten's *Salt and His Circle*. This has been widely reviewed, mostly in a mood of faint disappointment. It seems to be the general impression that Winsten's interest in Salt is a mere by-product of his passion for G. B. S. None the less, it would be grossly unfair to say that the book gives us only a pinch of Salt to a pound of Shaw. There is plenty of stuff in it to amuse and enlighten the admirers of both.

In connection with Shaw's preface to this book (which is about the last thing he ever wrote) an exchange of puzzling letters has appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement*. The preface admittedly contains several obvious errors of names and facts, which Winsten has permitted to remain in the text contenting himself with pointing them out in footnotes. For this he was taken to task by the T.L.S. reviewer, to whom he replied that Shaw "always had and cherished this superlative addiction to error and self-projection. With him, Melville was always Merrivale, Picasso had to be Pissarro and Topolski remained Philipofski to the end." Winsten mentioned in the same letter that, two years ago, a letter written by Shaw to the T.L.S. and submitted in ms. to Winsten by G. B. S. himself, was shown by S. W. to contain several serious errors. Nevertheless, Shaw refused to correct them and sent his letter unaltered to the editor. The prefatory note to the book on Salt was not hastily written; Winsten adds, but most carefully considered and the errors insisted upon by Shaw.

Shocked by these surprising revelations, Sir Sidney Cockerell, who knew G.B.S. very well in his prime, replied in the next number of the T.L.S. that he "must join issue with Mr. Winsten in what S.W. called his 'youthful idiosyncrasies'." Shaw's refusal to correct obvious blunders was, in Cockerell's opinion, "obviously due to senility; for Shaw in his days of mental vigour, was meticulously careful to avoid such lapses." On the other hand, Cockerell warned his readers that as a chronicler Shaw must be taken with caution. "He was frequently tempted for effect, to combine invention with memory in describing both events and persons. "When I called him to task on one occasion, he admitted a distortion, adding that he just could not refrain from dramatizing his impressions."

Shavians, therefore, are presented with a dilemma. Either they can believe with Winsten that Shaw was so eccentric as to invent and perpetrate blunders from sheer perversity, or they must regretfully conclude with Cockerell that, in his later years, he suffered from senility. Or is this one of those perverse dilemmas which are furnished with

third horns?

The second book I have to mention is a new and entirely revised edition of R. F. Rattray's well known opus: *Bernard Shaw: a Chronicle*. Mr. Rattray has brought his work right up to date, has added new and charming photographs, and generally done his darndest to justify the rather high price of 18s. which the book now costs.

The first meeting of the Shaw Memorial Appeal has been held. Its proceedings would have moved G.B.S. to sardonic laughter. If I may judge from the newspaper reports, most of the time was spent by those present in carping at Shaw's will. The ineffable Lady Astor was at her most skittish. She spoke of "that ridiculous will of his," adding "I begged him to leave me something. I tried to tell him what a ridiculous will it was. Let's have a society to break the will of Shaw." The same theme was taken up in *Time and Tide*, a woman's literary and political weekly. T. S. Eliot, Ivor Brown, Rebecca West and others all more or less suggested that since Shaw had so much money to leave, and knew no better than to leave it for an object which everyone but himself knew to be impracticable, it was a pity he couldn't be made to pay for his own memorial. Only two correspondents (one of whom was the Secretary of the London Shaw Society) had a good word to say for the will and the memorial.

A recently published book on Henry Irving by Laurence Irving aroused some discussion in *The Listener*. Laurence Irving, replying to a reviewer of his book, accused Shaw of saying that Irving was "a vain man grasping at a handle to his name." The reviewer pointed out that this was untrue. Shaw had made it clear in his Irving obituary article that his greatest achievement was "the redemption of his profession from Bohemianism" and "the winning of his lifelong fight to have the actor recognized as the peer of all other artists. In order to achieve this, he had to compel the Court to knight him." The correspondence in the *Times* after Irving's death (which Laurence calls on in his support) arose from an English mistranslation of a German mistranslation of what Shaw had written. And the reviewer then adds the very interesting note: "The story of the Lyceum partnership from Ellen Terry's point of view has yet to be told. The material exists and will one day be published."

We over here have been pleased to hear of the success Shaw's plays have recently been having on Broadway - *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Saint Joan*, and the Hell scene from *Man and Superman* between them netting some £30,000 a week - said to be a record. At the moment our B.B.C. is in the midst of a broadcast of some twelve of Shaw's most important plays, spread over half a year. St. John Ervine contributes an interesting introduction to each broadcast.

Liverpool

Allan M. Laing

It is impossible of course to keep check of all Shaviana, even of that published in one country alone. Here in England articles about Shaw have been appearing in scores of periodicals, from the *Times Literary Supplement* to the *Cyclists Touring Club* magazine (which attacks the poor man vigorously as a "vainglorious human peacock" who appears to have been, alas, inferior to H. G. Wells as regards cycling achievements!). Many of the articles of course contain little new for Shaw fans. But some are worth mentioning for general interest as well as

for bibliographic purposes.

The *New Statesman and Nation*, issue of 31 March 1951, had an article by Caterina Andrassy on "G.B.S. in Moscow" recalling his visit there twenty years ago. Another *New Statesman* article is that of Allan M. Laing's, "My Shaw Post-Cards," published 16 December 1950 in which Mr. Laing describes his correspondence with Shaw chiefly about various grammatical points, e.g. "different to" in *Back to Methuselah*, "Let you and I mind our own business" in *Saint Joan*, etc. Mr. Laing, by the way, has edited a little anthology on Shaw, *In Praise of Bernard Shaw*, (Frederick Muller, Ltd., London), which all Shavians should possess.

Time and Tide on 11 November 1950 published some personal recollections by Lady Rhondda, and *The Radio Times* on 17 November 1950, "G.B.S., His Contribution to Broadcasting" by Val Gielgud, the B.B.C.'s Drama Head; and the *Halle Magazine* (published by The Halle Concerts Society, Manchester) for December 1950, "Shaw and Music" by Neville Cardus, the famous music critic.

Do you recall the end of that brilliant last act in *Candida* where Eugene walks out into the night and Shaw, in a stage direction observes that Morell and Candida "do not know the secret in the poet's heart?" What was Eugene's secret? The playwright's own answer to this question is revealed in an article by G. A. Riding in the *Spectator*, November 17, 1950.

Labour Monthly published in January 1951 a special Shaw pamphlet which consisted of a memoir by R. Palme Dutt, and a reprint of a long article "The Dictatorship of the Proletariat" written by Shaw in 1921.

Articles on Shaw by his contemporaries must now be rare indeed. There is one in the *Fabian Journal* February 1951, by Edward R. Pease who was the first Secretary of the Fabian Society; and another in the *St. Pancras Journal*, November-December, 1950, by Mr. A. D. Corrick who served in the Vestry Clerk's office when Shaw was a member of the St. Pancras Vestry.

The *Political Quarterly*, July/September, 1951, published an account by William A. Robson on the generous - yet typically business-like - part played by Shaw in the founding of that periodical.

Manchester

-R. K. Mosley

Shaw vs. Shaw

By Archibald Henderson

In the column, "In and Out of Books", under sub-head, "Note on the Coming of a New Generation," *The New York Times Book Review*, July 1, 1951, David Dempsey reported a rumor that, owing to the success of the novels of Irwin Shaw, the name of The Shaw Society of America, Inc. would be changed to The George Bernard Shaw Society of America, Inc.

I immediately sent the following communication, with request to publish, to Mr. Dempsey. Two sentences only appeared in *The New York Times Book Review* of August 19, 1951. Below I give the full text of the communication.

The coming of a new generation has not yet caused the alteration of the name, "The Shaw Society of America, Incorporated" (under the laws of New York State) to the George Bernard Shaw Society, Incorporated. Your suggestion is interesting but not, I opine, prophetic. There are some twelve Shaw Societies scattered throughout the world, from London and New York to Zurich and New Delhi; and another is to be organized in Chicago on the late Mr. Bernard Shaw's ninety-fifth birthday, July 26, 1951.

As all Shaws glibly claim descent from Shaigh, the third son of Macduff, it is timidly suggested that all champions of the gifted Mr. Irwin Shaw, *avant garde* of the new generation, join the Shaw Society of America, Incorporated. An alternative suggestion is that the champions of Mr. Irwin Shaw, who are astronomically enumerated, establish a society of their own, under the title, The Irwin Shaw Society.

There is as little likelihood that the name of The Shaw Society of America will be changed to the George Bernard Shaw Society of America as that The Shakespeare Society (anywhere) will be changed to The William Shakespeare Society. Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1925, author of almost sixty plays and the most globally popular dramatist during his lifetime in the history of world-literature, master of prose style, and a wit and satirist of the first order, Bernard Shaw (he hated the name "Jawge" perhaps for its suggestion of irrepressible volubility) may for the present, at least, be regarded as *the* Shaw until his stature is reached or overtopped by another Shaw.

Archibald Henderson

President, The Shaw Society of America, Inc.
Vice-President, The Shaw Society of Great Britain

G.B.S.*

1856 - 1950

A century of bravery and wit.
Have no fear, old Titan, we shall remember!
Pass with the passing year's fulfilled November.
Ring down the curtain: dim the lights you lit.
Unpin the mocking heart from off that sleeve!
Angels often wondered why you displayed it.
They'll hide it in your breast: they know Who made it.
They know you giped because you scorned to grieve.
Sages and seers salute you. Take your place.
(Yes, you knew it was ready. Yes, you told us.)
Oh silver tongue, sharpened so long to scold us!
Oh cynic mask, that hid a friendly face!

—Josephine Daskam Bacon

*Reprinted from the New York Herald Tribune, November 10, 1950.

News Notes

The Annual General Meeting of The Shaw Society of America, Inc. was held at the Hotel Algonquin, New York City, on February 11, 1952. A reading from *Man and Superman* by Ellen Cobb Hill and Jack Manning preceded the business meeting, as did brief addresses by Archibald Henderson and Gabriel Pascal. Clark Kinnaird, program chairman, emceed the meeting.

An exhibit, entitled "Shaw in America" mounted at the New York Public Library under the auspices of the Society, was formally opened on that date. Members and guests heard an address by Dr. George Freedley, Director of the Library's Theatre Collection, on Early Shavian Theatre in the U. S. Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon gave a reading of her now famous poem, G.B.S., written on the eve of Shaw's death.

The publication of Bernard Shaw's Last Will and Testament, a revealing document of importance to all interested in Shaw, is being contemplated by his American publisher, Dodd, Mead and Company. Copies of the first edition, with this Society's imprint, would be available to members at a reduced price. Anyone interested in obtaining a copy should communicate immediately with the Secretary, W. D. Chase, 2322 Mallery Street, Flint 4, Michigan. (Application forms enclosed with this Bulletin.)

By arrangement between The Shaw Society of America, Inc. and The (London) Shaw Society, members of either group are invited to obtain special membership in the other group at reduced rates. Any member of The Shaw Society of America, Inc., may join The (London) Shaw Society and receive its Bulletin by sending \$1.00 with a request for such membership to the Secretary, W. D. Chase, 2322 Mallery Street, Flint 4, Michigan.

A Continuing Check-List of Shaviana

Compiled by Geoffrey J. L. Gomme

I. Books by Shaw

- ANDROCLES AND THE LION. Baltimore, Penguin Books, 1951, .35.
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA. New York, Dodd, Mead, 1951, \$1.75 (Text Book Edn.)
CANDIDA. New York, Dodd, Mead, 1951, \$1.75 (Text Book Edn.)
COMPLETE PLAYS. London, Odhams Press, 1951, 15/- (Standard Edn.); 16/6 (DeLuxe Edn. leather cloth); 18/6 (Library Edn.). 51 plays.
THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT. (In: GEORGE BERNARD SHAW; a memoir by R. Palme Dutt. London, Labour Monthly Pamphlet, 1951, no. 1, 1/-.) Shaw's "famous article" is an offprint from LABOUR MONTHLY, vol. 1, no. 4, October 1921.
DOCTOR'S DELUSIONS. London, Constable, 1951, Standard Edn, 7/6.
DON JUAN IN HELL: from *Man and Superman*. New York, Dodd, Mead, 1951, \$2.00.
ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW: A Correspondence. Preface by Shaw. London, Reinhardt & Evans, 1951, 18/-.
MAJOR BARBARA. Baltimore, Penguin Books, 1951, .35.
MAN AND SUPERMAN. New York, Dodd, Mead, 1951, \$2.00 (Text Book Edn.).
SAINT JOAN. New York, Dodd, Mead, 1951, \$2.00 (Text Book Edn.).

II. About Shaw (Books)

- Chesterton, G. K. — **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.** New York, Devin-Adair, 1950, \$2.50. (New, enlarged edn.)
- Cole, Margaret, ed. — **BEATRICE WEBB'S DIARIES.** London, c. 30/-. (Announced for June 1952.)
- Irving, Laurence. — **HENRY IRVING: The Actor and His World.** London, Faber & Faber, 1951, £2-10-0. "The famous encounter with Shaw is put into proper perspective" (Times Lit. Supp.) Announced by Macmillan Co., New York, for March 1952, \$10.00.)
- Langner, Lawrence. — **MAGIC CURTAIN.** New York, Dutton, 1951. \$6.60.
- Rattray, R. F. — **BERNARD SHAW: A Chronicle.** Luton (England), Legrave Press, 1951, 18/-; New York, Roy Publishers, 1952, \$5.00. (New edn.)
- Ross, Margery, ed. — **FRIEND OF FRIENDS: Letters to Robert Ross.** London, Jonathan Cape, 1952. 30/-. (Contains letters from Shaw.)
- Scott-James, R. A. — **FIFTY YEARS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1900-1950.** London, Longmans, 1951, 15/-; New York, Longmans, 1951, \$2.75. (With a criticism of Shaw.)
- Strong, L.A.G., ed. — **SIXTEEN PORTRAITS.** (Of persons whose houses have been left to the National Trust. Hesketh Pearson writes on Shaw.) London, The Naldrett Press, 1951, 18/-.
- Trewin, J. C. — **DRAMA, 1945-50.** London, Longmans, 1951, 5/-. (With a survey of Shaw's work.)
- Ward, A. C. — **BERNARD SHAW.** London, Longmans, 1951, 10/6; New York, Longmans, 1951, \$1.85. ("Men and Books" Series.)
- Whitworth, Geoffrey. — **THE MAKING OF A NATIONAL THEATRE.** London, Faber & Faber, 1951, 25/-. (Discusses Shaw's part in it.)
- Winsten, Stephen. — **(HENRY) SALT AND HIS CIRCLE.** With (long) introduction By Bernard Shaw. London, Hutchinson, 1951, 16/-. (Also includes letters of Shaw.)
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Periodicals

- Andrassy, Caterina. — **G.B.S. IN MOSCOW** In: *The New Statesman and Nation*, v.41, no. 1043, pp. 240-41, March 3, 1951.
- Bentley, E. R. — **BERNARD SHAW DEAD.** In: *Theatre Arts*, v. 35, pp. 22-24, Jan. 1951.
- Clemens, C. — **NOTES ON BERNARD SHAW.** In: *Hobbies*, v. 55, pp. 137-38, Feb. 1951.
- Glicksberg, C. I. — **CRITICISM OF BERNARD SHAW.** In: *South Atlantic Quarterly*, v. 50, pp. 96-108, Jan. 1951.
- Hackett, F. — **SHAW AND WELLS.** In: *Atlantic Monthly*, v. 187, pp. 73-76, May 1951.
- Kropotkin, A. — **PLEASANT MEMORIES OF BERNARD SHAW.** In: *New American Mercury*, v. 72, pp. 23-29, Jan. 1951.
- Laing, Allan M. — **MY SHAW POSTCARDS.** In: *The New Statesman and Nation*, v. 40, no. 1032, pp. 621-22, Dec. 16, 1950.
- Loewenstein, F. E. — **THE COPYRIGHTING OF SHAW'S EARLY DRAMATIC WORK, CONTAINING ALSO A WORD ON THE VICISSITUDES OF MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION.** IN: *The Shaw Society Bulletin*, Supplement No. 2, (London), February 1952.
- Robson, W. A. — **BERNARD SHAW AND THE POLITICAL QUARTERLY.** In: *Political Quarterly*, v. 22, pp. 231-39, July-Sept., 1951.
- Russell, Bertrand. — **GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.** In: *Virginia Quarterly Review*, v. 27, no. 1, pp. 1-7, Jan. 1951.
- SHAW'S NEW ALPHABET.** In: *Scholastic*, v. 58, p. 15, April 4, 1951.